

And came to th'eye o'th'King, wherein was read  
How that the Cardinall did intreat his Holinesse  
To stay the Iudgement o'th'Diuorce; for if  
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceiue  
My King is tangled in affection, to  
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady Anne Bullen.

*Sur.* Ha's the King this?

*Suf.* Beleue it.

*Sur.* Will this worke?

*Cham.* The King in this perceiues him, how he coasts  
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,  
All his trickes founder, and he brings his Physicke  
After his Patients death; the King already  
Hath married the faire Lady.

*Sur.* Would he had.

*Suf.* May you be happy in your with my Lord,  
For I professe you haue it.

*Sur.* Now all my ioy

Trace the Coniunction.

*Suf.* My Amen too't.

*Nor.* All mens.

*Suf.* There's order giuen for her Coronation:  
Marry this is yet but yong, and may be left  
To some eares vnrecounted. But my Lords  
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate  
In minde and feature. I perswade me, from her  
Will fall some blessing to this Land, which shall  
In it be memoriz'd.

*Sur.* But will the King

Digest this Letter of the Cardinals?

The Lord forbid.

*Nor.* Marry Amen.

*Suf.* No, no:

There be moe Waspes that buz about his Nose,  
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinall Campeius,  
Is stolne away to Rome, hath tane no leaue,  
Ha's left the cause o'th'King vnhanded, and  
Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinall,  
To second all his plot. I do assure you,  
The King cry'de Ha, at this.

*Cham.* Now God incense him,  
And let him cry Ha, lowder.

*Nor.* But my Lord

When returns Cranmer?

*Suf.* He is return'd in his Opinions, which  
Haue satisfied the King for his Diuorce,  
Together with all famous Colledges  
Almost in Christendome: shortly (I beleue)  
His second Marriage shall be publish'd, and  
Her Coronation. Katherine no more  
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princesse Dowager,  
And Widdow to Prince Arthur.

*Nor.* This same Cranmer's  
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine  
In the Kings businesse.

*Suf.* He ha's, and we shall see him  
For it an Arch-bishop.

*Nor.* So I heare.

*Suf.* Tis so.

*Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.*  
The Cardinall.

*Nor.* Obserue, obserue, hee's moody.

*Car.* The Packet Cromwell,

Gau't you the King?

*Crom.* To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.

*Card.* Look'd he o'th'inside of the Paper?

*Crom.* Presently

He did vnseale them, and the first he view'd,  
He did it with a Serious minde: a heede  
Was in his countenance. You he had  
Attend him heere this Morning.

*Card.* Is he ready to come abroad?

*Crom.* I thinke by this he is.

*Card.* Leaueme a while.

*Exit Cromwell.*  
It shall be to the Dutches of Alanfon,

The French Kings Sister; He shall marry her.

*Anne Bullen?* No: Ile no Anne Bullens for him,

There's more in't then faire Visage. *Bullen?*

No, wee'l no Bullens: Speedily I wish

To heare from Rome. The Marchionesse of Penbroke?

*Nor.* He's discontented.

*Suf.* May be he heares the King

Does whet his Anger to him.

*Sur.* Sharpe enough,

Lord for thy Iustice.

*Car.* The late Queenes Gentlewoman?

A Knights Daughter

To be her Mistris Mistris? The Queenes, Queene?

This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I must snuffe it,

Then out it goes. What though I know her veruous

And well deserv'd? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholsome to

Our cause, that she should lye i'th'bosome of

Our hard rul'd King. Again, there is sprung vp

An Heretique, an Arch-onc; *Cranmer*, one

Hath crawl'd into the fauour of the King,

And is his Oracle.

*Nor.* He is vex'd at something.

*Enter King reading of a Seede.*

*Sur.* I would 'twere something y' would fret the string,  
The Master-cord on's heart.

*Suf.* The King, the King.

*King.* What piles of wealth hath he accumulated  
To his owne portion? And what expence by th'houre  
Seemes to flow from him? How, i'th' name of Thieft  
Does he rake this together? Now my Lords,  
Saw you the Cardinall?

*Nor.* My Lord, we haue  
Stood heere obseruing him. Some strange Commotion  
Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and starts,  
Stops on a sodaine, looks vpon the ground,  
Then layes his finger on his Temple: straight  
Springs out into fast gate, then stops againe,  
Strikes his brest hard, and anon, he casts  
His eye against the Moone: in most strange Postures  
We haue seene him set himselfe.

*King.* It may well be,  
There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning,  
Papers of State he sent me, to peruse  
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found  
There (on my Conscience put vnwittingly)  
Forsooth an Inuentory, thus importing  
The seuerall parcels of his Plate, his Treasure,  
Rich Stuffles and Ornaments of Household, which  
I finde as such proud Rate, that it out-speakes  
Possession of a Subiect.

*Nor.* It's Heauens will,

Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,

To blesse your eye withall.

*King.* If we did thinke

His

His Contemplation were above the earth,  
And fixt on Spirituall object, he should still  
Dwell in his Musings, but I am afraid  
His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth  
His serious considering.

*King takes his Seat, whispers Lowell, who goes*

*Car.* Heaven forgive me, I should haue said  
Ever God blesse your Highnesse, should haue said  
*King.* Good my Lord,

You are full of Heauenly stiffe, and beare the Inuentory  
Of your best Grades, in your minde; the which  
You were now running o're, you haue scarce time  
To steale from Spirituall Ioyture, a brieft span

To keepe your earthly Audit, sure in that  
I deeme you an ill Husband, and am gald  
To haue you therein my Companion.

*Car.* Sir,

For Holy Offices I haue a time; a time  
To thinke vpon the part of businesse, which

I beare i'th' State: and Nature does requite  
Her times of preleruation, which perforce

I her fraile sonne, amongst my Brethren mortall,  
Must giue my tendance to.

*King.* You haue said well.

*Car.* And ever may your Highnesse yoke together,  
(As I will lend you cause) my doing well,

With my well saying.

*King.* 'Tis well said agen,  
And 'tis a kinde of good deede to say well,

And yet words are no deeds. My Father lou'd you,  
He said he did, and with his deed did Crowne

His word vpon you. Since I had my Office,  
I haue kept you next my Heart, haue not alone

Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,  
But par'd my present Hauings, to bestow

My Bounties vpon you.

*Car.* What should this meane?

*Sur.* The Lord increase this businesse.

*King.* Haue I not made you  
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,

If what I now pronounce, you haue found true:  
And if you may confesse it, say withall

If you are bound to vs, or no. What say you?

*Car.* My Soueraigne, I confesse your Royall graces  
Shew'd on me daily, haue bene more then could

My studied purposes requite, which went  
Beyond all mans endeauours. My endeauours,

Haue euer come too short of my Desires,  
Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends

Haue bene mine so, that euermore they pointed  
To th'good of your most Sacred Person, and

The profit of the State. For your great Graces  
Heap'd vpon me (poore Vnderferuer) I

Can nothing render but Allegiant thanks,  
My Prayres to heauen for you; my Loyaltie

Which euer ha's, and euer shall be growing,  
Till death (that Winter) kill it.

*King.* Fairly answer'd:  
A Loyall, and obedient Subiect is

Therein illustrated, the Honor of it  
Does pay the Act of it, as i'th'contrary

The fowlenesse is the punishment. I presume,  
That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,

My heart drop'd Loue, my powre rain'd Honor, more  
On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,

Your Braine, and euery Function of your power,  
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,  
As 'twere in Loues particular, be more  
To me your Friend, then any.

*Car.* I do professe,

That for your Highnesse good, I euer labour'd  
More then mine owne: that am, haue, and will be  
(Though all the world should cracke their duty to you,  
And throw it from their Soule, though perils did  
Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and  
Appare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,  
As doth a Rocke against the chiding Flood,  
Should the approach of this wilde Riuer breake,  
And stand vnshaken yours.

*King.* 'Tis Nobly spoken:

Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyall brest,

For you haue seene him open't. Read o're this,

And after this, and then to Breakfast with

What appetite you haue.

*Exit King, frowning vpon the Cardinall, the Nobles  
throng after him smiling, and whispering.*

*Car.* What should this meane?

What sodaine Anger's this? How haue I reap'd it?

He parted frowning from me, as if Ruine

Leap'd from his Eyes. So looks the chafed Lyon

Vpon the daring Huntsman that has gall'd him:

Then makes him nothing. I must reade this paper:

I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis so:

This paper ha's vndone me: 'Tis th'Accompt

Of all that world of Wealth I haue drawne together

For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedom,

And see my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!

Fit for a Foole to fall by: What crosse Diuell

Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet

I sent the King? Is there no way to care this?

No new deuce to beare this from his Braines?

I know 'twill stirre him strongly; yet I know

A way, if it take right, in spight of Fortune

Will bring me off againe. What's this? To th' Pope?

The Letter (as I liue) with all the Businesse

I writ too's Holinesse. Nay then, farewell:

I haue touch'd the highest point of all my Greatnesse,

And from that full Meridian of my Glory,

I haue now to my Setting, I shall fall

Like a bright exhalation in the Euening,

And no man see me more.

*Enter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolke, the  
Earle of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.*

*Nor.* Heare the Kings pleasure Cardinall,

Who commands you

To render vp the Great Seale presently

Into our hands, and to Confine your selfe

To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchesters,

Till you heare further from his Highnesse.

*Car.* Stay:

Where's your Commission? Lords, words cannot carrie  
Authority so weighty.

*Suf.* Who dare crosse 'em,

Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expressly?

*Car.* Till I finde more shen will, or words to do it,

(I meane your malice) know, Officious Lords,

I dare, and must deny it. Now I feele

Of what course Mettle ye are molded, Enuy,

How eagerly ye follow my Disgraces

As